

A Wonderful Collection of Fairy Tail One-Shots (probably)

by Queen of the Faye

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Summary: A beautiful collection (:P) of wonderful one-shots (probably), which will be updated sporadically depending on how many I actually write... rated M just in case for implied suggestive themes (can't be too careful with these things, you know). In case anyone is curious, the very first one is Gray x Mystogan (because why not? I love 'em 3) marked as completed, still will be updated

A Wonderful Collection of Fairy Tail One-Shots (probably)

**Well, it isn't super long or anything, but I just sorta felt like writing a pairing between the two of them, soâ€¦ here it is. I think I might start writing more one-shots, so I'm probably just going to make this a collection of them. It'll say completed just for the ease of things, but I'll update it every now and then if I feel like it. Feel free to suggest a pairing or something, if you'd like (obviously for Fairy Tail, yeah?). Can't promise I'd get around to writing it quickly, but I'm sure I'll write it at some point. **

_Only for an Hourâ€¦ or for the Night- _

Lexus liked to boast, liked to talk about things he knew nothing about. I found it irritating. Even in my sleep-induced fog, as the world slowly whirled into place, I knew he was claiming to be the only one aside from the Master to have seen Mystogan's face. I knew he was wrong. No one else would have questioned it, or thought much of his statement, but I knew the truth. He wasn't the only one who had seen the mysterious mage's face, because I had.

I saw it every night, when he was in town, bathed in moonlight and sweat. I saw it in the mornings, when the quiet mage stood in the kitchens of either his house, or my apartment, working on breakfast. I saw it when the mage was focused on reading a book, lounging casually in the living room. I had seen hundreds of emotions, some impossible to name, flicker through those eyes. I had heard the soft

moans escape his pale, soft lips, and the quiet way he'd whisper my name. I knew the mage far better than anyone else in the guild. Laxus's claim sent my skin crawling, to think that someone else would pretend that he knew everything to know about Mystogan.

It angered me so much so, that I stood up, ignoring the sounds of the guild and Natsu's squabble, and headed out the doors of the guild. Mist curled along the ground, faint silver, hard to see if you weren't looking for it. My lips twitched into a smile, and I started off quickly. He wasn't hard to track, once you learned how to spot his trail. He could disappear into the very air, I had seen him do so on multiple accounts, and I swore he knew the patterns of the wind better than most birds, but if always left a thin trail to be followed, if he moved slowly.

I found him waiting in the shadows, at the edge of the forest. He didn't seem surprised to see me, but then again, he knew me as well as I knew him. He would have known that Laxus's comment would irritate, and I knew he had still been around because I had seen the faint swirl of air. "You leaving so soon?" I asked.

"I have a job to do." He responded, his voice cool, dark, like the wind that seemed to describe his nature so perfectly. It was a voice I had fallen in love with since the first time I heard it, a voice I could listen to for hours without growing bored. In fact, I had listened to it for hours; I had convinced him to read a book aloud to me, just so I could listen to him speak.

"Can't you stick around for an hour, at least?" I tried again. I had reached him now, and he extended his arm, pulling me close. He toyed with a strand of my hair, only his beautiful eyes visible behind the mask he constantly wore. Dark, just as the night sky.

"If I stay for an hour, an hour would stretch into the night." He said knowingly, and I chuckled. He wasn't wrong; if he stayed for the hour, I was determined to get him to stay the night. His hand slipped down to cup my cheek, and I raised my own, keeping it there.

"What's so wrong with staying the night?" I asked, quiet. There was a silent understanding, unspoken, that we might not have forever to spend together. I understood little from his world, but I knew that it would prove troublesome eventually. My heart ached to think of the moment when we might have to part ways.

He seemed to sense my unhappiness, or worry, and sighed. He was giving in. "Alright." He murmured. "You win, I'll stay for an hour—and inevitably for the night, as well." He leaned forward, and I raised my own hand to pull down his mask, capturing his lips with my own for a brief, familiar kiss. The wind swept down my spine, and I shivered as I glared at him playfully, seeing the smirk playing across his lips.

"That's an inappropriate use of magic." I pointed out, slipping my hand into his as he pulled up his mask, pulling me along. We had no need to fear anyone discovering us; there was a small path that cut through the edge of the forest leading to his quaint house, where we'd spend the rest of our time.

"You've used magic inappropriately plenty of times before." He said, his voice heavy with suggestion. I couldn't see his face, but I knew

for certain his eyebrows were raised. My face flushed, several instances coming to mind, and I cleared my throat.

"Thatâ€¦ mayâ€¦ be true." I admitted, and was rewarded with a faint chuckle. Everything he did was quiet, soft, yet he, at times, could be quite loud, as well. I had no doubt that he would be able to defeat Laxus, if he ever had to. Provided there wasn't any circumstances to interrupt it.

The sun was dipping below the horizon, and his home, a humble little cottage, came into view as we slipped out from the woods. He opened the wooden gate set into the stone fencing with a wave of his hands, and we stepped into the unruly garden. Blooming flowers faced towards the glimmering, shimmering sky. The back door clicked open, and he dragged me through with little ceremony, running his fingers through my hair as I passed.

Despite his aloof nature, there was a homey, comforting feeling about his house. Thick, exotic rugs in all shades and colors covered the stone floors, save for in the space that was the kitchen. A large blanket, soft and black, was draped across the sofa. Often times, the sofa had functioned as a bed for us, and the blanket had proved useful, during the chillier winter nights. I might not have minded the cold, necessarily, but it was nice, sometimes, to feel warm. Plus, the blanket smelled just like him; exotic, chilly, and absolutely intoxicating. I turned to glance at him as he deposited his staffs on their respective hooks, and grinned stupidly at him. "So, what's for dinner?" I asked.

He looked steadily at me, tugging off his mask effortlessly. "You." He might my grin with his own smirk, closing the distance between us as he tossed aside the cloth. I found my back pressed against the wall, his hands braced on either side of my hips. His breath misted along my lips, and his tongue darted out, running along them. I growled unhappily, and he laughed, one of his hands slipping beneath the shirt I was still miraculously wearing. "Did Laxus work you into a frenzy with his comments?" He had a sly look on his face.

"I- no. Why would you think that?" My face flushed a pale red. That was exactly what had started all of this.

He bent his head, running his tongue along my neck. "Because that's exactly what sparked all of this." He said, amused. He kissed his way up my neck, and bit at the skin just below my jaw. A moan slipped free from my lips. "Don't worry, loveâ€¦" He murmured, his lips finding their way to my ear. "You're the only one to know so much of me, I assure you."

I ran my hands along his back, pulling at the edges of the shirt. "I'm glad." I whispered, and our lips met. Our tongues twisted together, and through mysterious ways I never understood, Mystogan's shirt disappeared, and mine slid down my shoulders, pushed off by his hands. I closed my eyes, and my thoughts quickly became disorganized, sporadic. It was hard to concentrate on thoughts when you had someone's hands running expertly over your body, finding the sensitive spots only they would know, and drawing noises from you that you otherwise wouldn't have uttered.

At some point along the way, we had found our way to his bed, and now I exhaled, my head resting in the crook of his neck. He pulled me

closer, a sigh stirring my hair, and I knew we were both content, happy. "Natsu is going to be suspicious again."

"Isn't he always? What excuse are you going to be using this time, hmm? I think my personal favorite was the 'new cologne' excuse." He hummed against me. I could hear the weariness in his voice.

"I'll tell you in the morning." I mumbled. I closed my eyes, smiling against me, and he hummed again, in agreement. No words of goodnight were spoken, but they didn't have to be. We understood it well enough, just by remaining in the silence he treasured so close.

I drifted off to sleep, wrapped in his arms.

"You smell different." Natsu said suspiciously. We were in the back corner of the guild, watching the goings-on of everyone else. We were also avoiding Erza. What for, I didn't know, and I didn't ask, but judging by his grin, it was going to mean trouble. I only hoped he wouldn't drag Lucy into it.

"Are you sure you aren't just coming down with a cold?" I suggested.

"Nah, I would know if I was coming down with a cold or not. You definitely smell different." He affirmed. "Like Mystogan, whenever he's at the guild." He added, leaning forward. His face was scrunched in thought, and he almost looked cute.

"I think your sniffer is off again. Why would I smell like Mystogan?" I snorted, rolling my eyes. Sometimes, that would be enough to deter Natsu. Other times, I would have to get creative with my explanations. I wasn't expecting what he was about to say, however.

"Maybe because you were walking with him hand-in-hand through the woods, to his home." Natsu suggested. I nearly choked on the water I was drinking, and he whooped quietly, enjoying what he took to mean victory. "I knew it!" He grinned like an idiot. "Hey, you should talk to him for me, and convince him to fight me."

I rolled my eyes. "Not happening, flame-brain. You can't even stand against Erza. Why would I pit you against Mystogan? He'd beat you just as quickly as she would." Catching his unhappy pout, I sighed. "If I see him whenever you're around, I'll be sure to mention something, alright?"

Natsu brightened. "Great!" He bounced to his feet. "I gotta go see Lucy about something, though. See you in a few!" He waved a hand, bounding out the door.

I rolled my eyes, settling back into my chair. That idiot was going to get himself killed at some point, if he wasn't careful. Knowing him, he'd probably just fall down a cliff or something, and break all of his bones.

(Mystogan's P.O.V.)

Mystogan watched the scene unfold before him with equal traces of sadness and relief. He didn't like seeing someone connect with his lover so easily, but at the same time, he was relieved that there

would be someone there for him, when he eventually returned to Edolas. He disappeared through a back way, and headed towards the street, the paper containing his job tucked away into one of his pockets.

He glanced back once. _Be safeâ€¦ Gray._ He willed, and disappeared into the mist.

**Aww, poor Gray 3 He'll be lonely, once Mystogan had to remain in Edolas. Luckily for him, there might be a pink-haired dragon-slayer waiting to comfort him ;). In any case, I can't really say why I decided to write this pairing between Gray and Mystogan, but I thought it would be interesting. Plus, I just really like them both, so. Yeah. Mystogan is one of my favs 3 it's so sad that he isn't in the story anymore ;n;. In any case, idk how this one-shot (probably a one-shot) went, so feel free to tell me in the comments ~ (please don't be mean, thoughâ€¦ I can be mean, too :P). Anyway, I hope you enjoy. **

**~ Faye **

End
file.